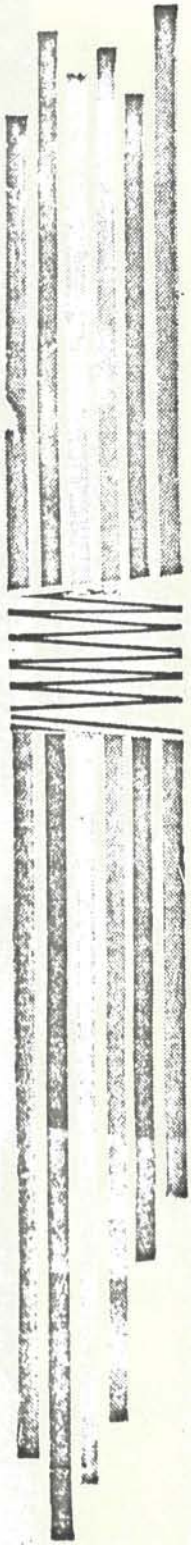
THE NATION

January 5, 1963 . . 25c



Freedom and the Policeman

Richard A. Myren

A New Year's Proposal . . .

QUIET, PLEASE!

J. B. Priestley

Experiment in Diplomacy

New Approaches To Cuba

Charles E. Osgood

Mark Twain's 'Distorted' Views

A Review by Odell Shepard

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LETTERS

Affluence----or apathy?

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Please tell Eugene Raskin ["The Esthetics of Affluence," Dec. 8] to get off the absurd sweeping generalizations bandwagon. His case for the destruction of esthetics by affluence holds about as much water as a sieve. I think Mr. Raskin is an intellectual snob who doesn't believe that anything can be both popular and have esthetic value. What about such men as Frank Lloyd Wright, Richard Neutra, Salvador Dali, Thomas Hart Benton, Charles Eames, Igor Stravinsky, Aaron Copland, John Steinbeck, Ernest Hemingway, *et al.*? I understand these men have produced some acceptable works of art, yet not a single one is, or was, destitute as far as I know. I ask Mr. Raskin to re-examine the arts of affluent societies and determine if ignorance and apathy are not the real culprits behind the abundant mediocrity which exists in America today. . . .

King A. Harrington, Jr.

True harmony

Missoula, Mont.

Dear Sirs: I should like to take issue with two points in Eugene Raskin's witty and provocative article in your Dec. 8 issue.

In the first place, Mr. Raskin seems to me to assume too easily a tone of undiscriminating contempt for the anonymous millions who buy (and apparently enjoy) what in England we call "pop-art." My own feeling is that if too many people are too readily receptive to TV and tail fins, advertisers and public-relations men have hardly given them the chance to be anything else. Can we (who claim to know better) not offer stimulants rather than jeremiads?

Secondly, it is surely not true that repetition *must* produce an inferior esthetic. I have not the experience to speak of this country; but in Europe (especially in England) the greatest single virtue of the golden age of urban design was a harmony born of uniformity. The beauty of cities like London or Bath, Dublin or Glasgow, or (I should imagine) Philadelphia as it was—this is unimaginable without a regularity of street architecture which would, in block after block, allow hardly more variation than in the details of a fanlight. Conversely, it is the riot of meaningless variation which makes the twentieth-century surroundings of all English cities so hideous and so boring.

To take a very different example: until the coming of tractors every farmer in England owned a wagon of a type which had been matured and *standardized* through centuries of experience. It was standardized because there were certain unchangeables—the climate, the qualities of wood, the way a horse moves its haunches—which everyone must take into account, and because the design had reached a stage where it could not be improved as far as doing its job was concerned. Yet these wagons —those that remain—are things of extraordinary beauty. Their owners' appreciation of them was indeed the appreciation of experts; and the seemliness of these things was not something apart from the work that they did, so that to study one is to have an experience which is anything but purely esthetic. *There*, perhaps, is a lesson which our own time might profit from. The quality of our esthetic cannot be thought of apart from the quality of our life.

A. H. Gomme
(Montana State University)

Choice critic

New York City

Dear Sirs: I have long respected *The Nation* and now find that I can afford a subscription to it, which particularly pleases because I shall be able to read Hilton Kramer regularly. I must admit that his inclusion as a *Nation* regular has prompted me at this time to rush to subscribe. He is quite extraordinary. When he withdrew from *Arts* last year, I was very disappointed, as indeed were many others. As a painter, I find he is the one critic whom I am eager to read because he is perceptive, just and clear-headed. I do not always agree with him, but certainly his arguments are so fertile that they are stimulants in an art world so congested that we become dulled and jaded within it.

Joe Raffaele

Trade opportunity

Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: While our attention has been riveted upon Cuba and the Indo-Chinese conflict, a significant move preceding these crises has not been clearly grasped. I refer to Premier Khrushchev's change from attacks on the Common Market to overtures, early this fall, for economic collaboration between the Soviet bloc and the Common Market.

Yet the situation, when examined,

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More of the Same

Almost everyone is glad to see the Cubans who fell into Castro's hands at the Bay of Pigs finally released from captivity. But the rejoicing should not obscure the fact that the operation which began with a campaign of secrecy and lies and deceit is continuing on the same moral plane. It is all of a piece, even down to the redemption of the prisoners.

By the uniform accounts of the press, every American is enjoined to believe that the archfiend Castro exacted a "ransom" for freeing the prisoners. In only one radio account out of scores were terms like "compensation," "redemption," etc., used. Yet the transaction was more like a payment of indemnity than a ransom payment. Castro did not kidnap the prisoners, nor were they foreign nationals. They were Cubans who invaded their homeland with armed force in an operation financed and organized by the United States Government. By that invasion and its economic sanctions, the United States has probably cost the Castro regime many times the $53 million (at U.S. wholesale prices) that he received. If a band of American Communists invaded the United States from the Soviet Union, it is unlikely that they would be returned at $50,000 per man, or at any other price. They would more likely be executed as traitors.

If the self-righteousness of the press is a gross distortion of fact and principle, the Kennedy Administration's role in the affair is even more open to question. The government was unable to put up the money (amounting to much less than half of a single day's military expenditures) for obvious political reasons. So the Administration, operating largely through the Attorney General, passed the hat among the drug and food manufacturers. Some 140 companies made donations of food or drugs, while transportation companies provided freight service by sea, land and air. The manufacturers bargained with the official fund-raisers, first requesting or stipulating that their donations should be at wholesale rather than factory cost, then receiving assurances that much of the cost would be offset by allowance of tax deductions for "charitable" contributions. This may not be their entire recompense, however. These were business transactions, and whoever does favors in business expects favors in return. The government should issue a White Paper on the entire operation and explain what was done, by whom, and on what terms. It will probably do nothing of the sort: it prefers to operate in secret and increasingly to by-pass democratic process.

In some of the solicitations he handled personally, the Attorney General has been quoted as saying, "My brother made a mistake." Presumably he was referring to the Bay of Pigs invasion attempt as a whole. But, for all his surface acumen, the President seems to have learned nothing. Apparently he is still determined to bring Castro down, and officials have been assuring the press that the food and medicines Castro received will be only a shot in the arm, and after the effects wear off his economic woes will be greater than ever.

A more sensible approach, and one better suited to the problem of a great power dealing with an obstreperous small one, would be a series of probing tactical initiatives of the type suggested by Charles E. Osgood in this issue (page 10).

Investment in Waste

On July 12, 1962, the President announced the appointment of Dr. H. Gardner Ackley as a member of the Council of Economic Advisers. "Professor Ackley," the White House press release stated, "is the author of an advanced textbook that deals with the problems of economic stability and growth, which has won widespread critical acclaim, as well as numerous scholarly articles on a wide variety of economic issues." Shortly, Dr. Ackley appeared before the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency to be examined for dangerous thoughts and heretical views, and he did indeed come up with one which should have thrown the hearing room into consternation. In terms of economic growth, Dr. Ackley pointed out, a number of European countries have done much better than we have during a period when we have been devoting "a very substantial chunk" of our resources to military purposes. These same resources in most of Europe, Dr. Ackley went on, "are being devoted to productive investment, and *it is not surprising that this productive investment should permit a much more rapid growth of total output than we have.*" (Italics added.)

Japan, of course, is an even more striking case than Western Germany or Italy. The only result of Dr. Ackley's comment, however, was that Senator Proxmire suggested that the NATO Europeans were not carrying their fair share of the military load, and it was a "great argument" for reducing foreign aid. Here were the Europeans, he complained, with their standard of living rising more rapidly than ours and their tax rate lower than ours, here they were under the Communist gun, yet they were devoting a lower proportion of their gross product to defense than we. That this was precisely a major cause of their prosperity, no one pointed out.

It would seem that Dr. Ackley's remark, rather than being buried in the report of the Committee on Banking and Currency, should be subjected to more searching analysis. The Kennedy Administration has rightly put economic growth in the forefront of its objectives. Nothing plagues Mr. Kennedy more than the sluggish and precarious pace of the economy, with its resulting unemployment and, in many parts of the country, actual distress. But it would seem a valid

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from Dr. Ackley's observation that our less than perfect because we are continuing it with increasing injections of military Capital investment is not all the same, nt manufacturers would like the public to believe. One must differentiate between investment in missiles, for instance, and investment in consumer goods. One cannot make an economy healthy by devoting a large and increasing proportion of investment to waste. The West German and Japanese capitalisms, among others, are more buoyant than ours because they are less weighed down by armament production. The Committee on Banking and Currency, and other Congressional committees concerned with the state of the national economy, are in a position to add to the process of enlightenment which Dr. Ackley has begun.

Where Bargaining Fails

The New York newspaper strike is no local affair. For one thing, the International Typographical Union is what its name denotes. What is decided in New York, through the strike of the ITU's powerful Local 6, is likely to set a pattern for the whole publishing industry. Another factor is that *The New York Times* is involved. The extent to which the *Times* is a national newspaper is brought home when it suspends publication. Without the *Times*, opinion-making and political thinking all over the country are half-crippled, for only the *Times* provides *in extenso* the facts, figures and documentation with which serious editors work.

The inadequacy of radio (audio and video alike) as a substitute for the printed press has never been more obvious than in its reporting of the strike itself. One would think that Local 6 had gone out in a simple wage dispute and that all that is at issue is whether printers who are already getting high wages should get still higher ones. The basis of the conflict is far more serious. Automation and job security are the underlying issues. As the publishers see it, the ITU, if it has not fought to block technological progress outright, has tried, and continues to try, to control and retard the introduction of advanced methods of printing. If they were permitted to automate *ad libitum*, the more prosperous papers could easily afford to pay even higher wages than those the printers are demanding. And they would. But from the printers' standpoint, jobs are at stake. In this respect, the strike of the longshoremen has much in common with the printers' strike. No union can permit its members to be deprived of their vocations without putting up a fight. If it does, what happened in coal will happen in every industry. An elite of workers continues to work under improved conditions and with improved machinery; the rest of the work force, in large part, must resign itself to permanent exclusion from gainful employment. But blind resistance to automation is no solution either, for in that case efficient producers will squeeze out the inefficient, and jobs will be lost by that route.

There may be no solution short of changes so radical that neither organized employers nor organized workers will consider them at this juncture. But before concluding that collective bargaining is powerless to deal with the kind of issues raised by automation, it might be well to test the method used by the Kaiser Steel Corporation and the United Steelworkers union in reaching an agreement now subject to ratification by the 7,000 men involved. What happened, in this instance, was that both management and labor, recognizing the difficulties presented by automation, decided to invite three distinguished industrial relations experts—George W. Taylor, David Cole and John Dunlop—to the bargaining sessions. The fact that knowledgeable, disinterested counsel was present —in effect constituting a third party—at the initial and subsequent bargaining sessions may well have set a useful precedent for labor-management negotiations which, no matter what the industry, have to deal increasingly with problems posed by automation.

Voodoo

Two Roman Catholic observers — one in New Orleans, the other in Paris — have attempted to shed some light on the Church-state conflict in Haiti. Writing for the New Orleans archdiocesan paper, Maurice D'Arlan Needham, who spent a year in the United States Embassy there, ascribes President Duvalier's bitter attack on the Church to his absorption in voodoo. The horrors of voodoo, according to Mr. Needham, include human sacrifice. It seems that one case was proved in 1862 and another reported by reliable witnesses within the last twenty-five years. In the annals of human fanaticism, this would not seem to constitute an alarming toll.

Interviewed in Paris, Bishop Paul Robert, recently expelled after thirty-nine years in Haiti, reveals that it was not until he had been there twenty years that he realized that all the country's problems centered on voodoo. It seems that the Bishop had never heard of poverty, malnutrition, disease or overpopulation. Or perhaps he considered and dismissed these during the twenty-year incubation period before the light finally dawned.

The Trujillo Alto Accord

Governor Muñoz Marín has been compelled to postpone the plebiscite on Puerto Rico's status, originally scheduled for December 16, for reasons some of which we had anticipated (*The Nation*, September 15, p. 123). A major reason was to induce the Republican Statehood Party to agree to participate in the plebiscite. This agreement has now been secured. A series of "summit" negotiations between the leaders of the Republican Statehood Party and the Governor's Popular Democratic Party has culminated in what is known as the "Trujillo Alto Accord." To win the agreement, the Governor accepted a six-point program which, in substance, will permit him to negotiate the

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terms of a plebiscite with Congress without interference from the Republican Statehood Party. The plebiscite would then, of course, be submitted to the voters of Puerto Rico.

So far so good; this is certainly an improvement over the original plan for the plebiscite. But Muñoz Marín is still entangled in a semantic — and to some extent logical—difficulty. A plebiscite on status which took place while Puerto Rico was still subject to Washington's writ would be "tainted" not merely in the eyes of the Independence faction, but in the eyes of those who continue to characterize the island — much to the annoyance of its proud and sensitive Governor — as an American "colony." So, somehow, Puerto Rico must first be granted its "sovereignty" before it can freely determine its future status. But therein lies the rub, for Congress may not understand the touchy issues which underlie this apparent paradox. The irony is that only within and through a genuine world order can any of the existing powers — great, medium or small — exercise a meaningful "sovereignty" in today's world. But just as great powers will not agree to limit their sovereignty, so small powers must insist on an acknowledgment of their "sovereignty" as a pre-condition to exercising the right of self-determination.

But can the American Congress, so sensitive to its own political problems, summon the tact, the intelligence and, above all, the imagination which will enable it to understand the political problem that confronts the Puerto Rican Governor? In a word, can Congress be induced to recognize the wisdom of granting Puerto Rico its sovereignty, at least during the period of the plebiscite (and, depending on the outcome, perhaps permanently)? The Governor has apparently

Publisher's Statement

With this issue, the subscription price of *The Nation* is being increased for the first time since 1957. The new price will be $10 annually and $18 for two years. It is customary to announce price increases in advance in order to give subscribers an opportunity to take advantage of existing lower rates. However, we are unable to service additional subscriptions at the old rates, although, of course, we will fulfill our obligations to all present subscribers at the rates at which they contracted. The newsstand price is unchanged.

Since 1957, we have experienced the following increases in expenses:

	Per Cent
Printing	35
Paper	34
Salaries	16
Bulk & Foreign Postage	94
Domestic Postage	46

Postage rates, according to legislation already enacted, will rise again this year and next. The salary increase noted above does not include the raises of $4 weekly to each employee this year and the same amount effective January 1, 1964, which have been negotiated with the Newspaper Guild in accordance with the pattern set by the union and the New York newspaper publishers.

Since the advent of the present management in 1955, *The Nation* has operated on the lowest possible budget consistent with quality. For instance, we spend less than $1,000 per year in all media for advertising and promotion; we do no expensive mailings, make no cut-rate introductory offers, give no costly premiums. All subscribers pay the full rates (except students, who receive a $2 discount). By these means, and despite increased costs, we have managed to reduce our annual deficit by 60 per cent since 1955. Our faith that quality will sell a magazine with a minimum of promotion has been justified. Circulation has been increasing at the rate of approximately 10 per cent annually for the last three years. Moreover, we have earned an astonishing loyalty from our readers; last year fewer than 10 per cent of them failed to renew their subscriptions for all causes, including death (we had twice as many new subscribers last year as we had drop-outs).

Our position now is that we have saved where saving was possible, and that henceforth we face a cost spiral that cannot be met except by an increase in rates. Unlike those of most publications, *The Nation's* readers, not its advertisers, pay for the publication (although advertising revenues, too, have been gradually increasing). We do not issue strident appeals for funds to make continuity of publication possible, nor will we do so. Approximately 500 subscribers who are also members of the voluntary supporting organization, The Nation Associates, pay $4 or more above the regular price in order to help meet the deficit. And a small group of dedicated supporters have met the remaining deficit. But no institution's future is secure unless it earns more than it pays out. In 1865, *The Nation's* first year of publication, the annual subscription price was $6. If this price had kept pace with the rising levels of other items such as food, clothing, rent, etc., the current price would be at least $30 a year.

The type face and design of the magazine have been changed with this issue to improve readability. We wish the economics of this type of publication permitted us to adopt a better grade of paper than the newsprint we currently use. However, our future is dependent on keeping expenses as low as possible while simultaneously increasing income. Even at the new rates, unless there is a considerable rise in circulation, it is unlikely that we shall achieve the break-even point. However, given the sympathetic understanding and proven loyalty of our readers, this anachronism of American journalism—a magazine of dissent in a conforming society—will go forward with a reasonable sense of financial security into its second century of continuous publication.

—GEORGE KIRSTEIN

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secured the consent of the second largest political faction on the island to the idea of a plebiscite, but if the third faction, the Independence forces, are to participate, it will require a grant of sovereignty.

The coming negotiations, as we pointed out earlier, will test the good faith of Congress even more than it will the demonstrated good faith of the Puerto Ricans and the skillful leadership of Muñoz Marín.

Death Ray, Anyone?

In the December 3 *Advertising Age*, E. B. Weiss, a leading practitioner of the advertising arts and sciences, bawls out the Bell System for causing him mental anguish and loss of precious time. He blew his stack, he says, when his telephone rang and suddenly he realized that he was on the receiving end of an electronically recorded selling pitch. Peering into the future, Mr. Weiss sees worse trials ahead (it's bad enough already even without electronics; see page 8). Oftener and oftener his telephone will ring, and when he answers it, hoping to thrill to the voice of his son(s) or daughter(s), he will oftener and oftener be assaulted by an electronic selling monster. The selling machine, he points out, may not even need to dial his number to talk to him in particular; the selection, as well as the selling, may be completely anonymous and automatic. Praising the Bell System, "one of the true leaders in image building," he warns that it may be beginning to overlook its human relations.

Clearly a man of imagination, Mr. Weiss is not imaginative enough. What has brought us to this pass, with greater evils to come, is inventive technology. At least now the unhappy man can hang up the receiver and shut the electronic salesman off, but this partial defense will not last long. The Bell Telephone Labs will devise a system which will call the subscriber back (at varying intervals) until he has listened to the complete message and sent in his order. The subscriber's only hope lies in counter-invention. A promising line of research would be a kind of death ray in the form of a burst of high voltage which, applied to the telephone line would automatically reduce the electronic salesman to ashes. All *The Nation* asks is a non-exclusive, royalty-free license.

Golden Touch

A West Coast editor, Glen Coffield, has issued a mimeographed manifesto containing one of those secrets that, once stated, are perfectly obvious. Mr. Coffield offers the sure-fire recipe for a real estate and local business bonanza — induce artists to congregate on or near your property. Wherever artists have gathered, wherever there has been a "culture" of painters, writers, actors, musicians—rents have doubled, building has boomed and small enterprises have sprung up like mushrooms. Examples: Greenwich Village, Telegraph Hill, Taos, Provincetown, Chelsea, Montparnasse. First come the gawking tourists, intent on witnessing the "goings-on"; then follow the substantial settlers who want to be surrounded by the amenities of beauty and the mind. Housing is soon at a premium, luxury shops and elegant services find a concentration of customers. The artists, of course, move out, for they can no longer pay the prices in the haven they have created; but their aura remains lucrative for a remarkably long time. It is economic blindness to maintain that artists are parasites on society; quite the contrary, they are the migratory catalysts of other people's prosperity.

QUIET, PLEASE!

A New Year's Proposal . . . . . J. B. Priestley

London

One reason why life is difficult today is that many of us are compelled to live in two quite different worlds. Moreover, it costs us about a thousand times as much to live in the world we don't trust, don't like, don't believe in, as it does to live in the other world that has our liking and confidence. Another thing is that while one world, the expensive one, cannot have a future, because it must soon either fade away or end itself—and us—with a bang, the other world already shows us a possible and promising future. It can do this because it is very much *our* world, belonging to our age, and not a dubious legacy from the past, a monstrously magnified inheritance.

This world, the one that doesn't cost much and never makes the headlines, is known to most artists, scientists, scholars, technologists, athletes. It is a world of coexistence and cooperation. It covers the round earth, and is peculiarly suited to a time in which jet aircraft can cross any frontier in a few hours. It does not think in terms of good people versus monsters. It talks instead of screaming hysterically. It is not secretive and enjoys swapping pictures and passing out information, but is not engaged in propaganda. It is not moving towards war, but always away from war; not talking about Peace as if it were a golden egg a mile long as people in the other world do, but creating peaceful conditions, the global civilization of the near future, simply by going along with what interests it.

Because it is flexible and easy, I shall call this the Loose World. And now that it has a name, I can reveal one remarkable fact about it. Intelligent young people *in all*

J. B. Priestley's newest book, an autobiographical work called Margin Released, *will be published this month by Harper & Row.*

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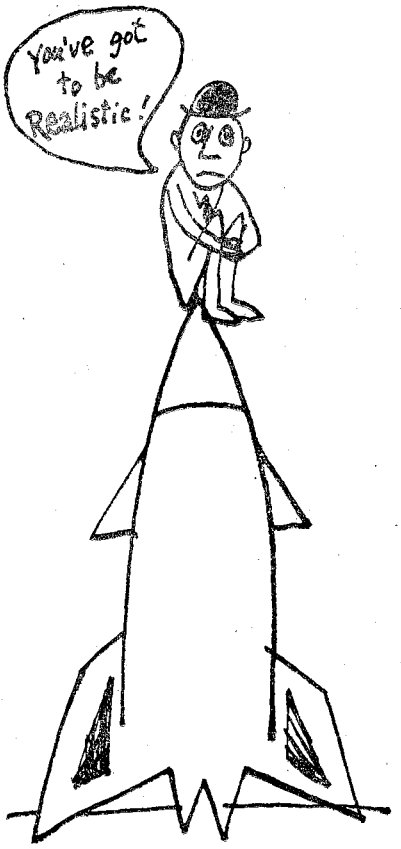
countries accept and try to live in this Loose World. This is the one they believe in, not the other. They move into it and around in it quite naturally and easily. It is their world. And this I believe to be true of the intelligent and most promising young people, whether they live in Baltimore or Odessa, Manchester or Belgrade, St. Louis or Tiflis, Kiev or Lyons, Chicago or Warsaw. They are all, so to speak, Loose-minded.

The other, the magnified inheritance, I shall call the Stiff World. It costs us about ten dollars for every cent we spend on Loose. It could easily cost us everything we have and are. But though it demands so much and could kill us all, somehow it is far more unreal and fantastic than Loose, which is one reason why the young turn away from it. In this Stiff World, everything is out of scale and proportion. It is as if an old game were being played in an immensely exaggerated form, baseball teams a hundred strong playing with immense steel bats and explosive balls on a field sown with mines. It is crowded with tough-minded realists who are, in fact, more than half-crazy.

The Stiff World never stops declaring that it is guarding democracy. But the democracy it guards never allows people to vote on anything important to the Stiff World. This is in fact a strangely secretive, authoritarian, liberty-removing kind of democracy, which tells most of us to keep quiet and mind our own business. And indeed, some of us are sufficiently cynical to believe that many Stiff types, although they pretend to deplore the state of the world, cannot help enjoying the authority and importance lent them by the Stiff setup, and would not know what to do if we stopped having so many crises. They are themselves power-hungry types, and so they cannot help seeing everything in terms of power. It is a weakness of our age, which has largely rejected any inheritance of power, that we are led by men who have been hungrily ambitious for years. I have often thought that our international affairs might be better managed by any random collection of chess players or bird-fanciers.

The Stiff World is forever announcing that it is looking for a lasting peace; but this is just a



Frontier

tape-recording. It maintains, at our expense, huge state departments working day and night to make mischief. Sometimes they are trying to put into effect policies that are not only out-of-date now, but were shaky and dubious fifty years ago. The new foreign secretaries start where their predecessors left off. They are all too busy and anxious, as one crisis follows another, to ask themselves and their staffs what the hell they think they are doing. No flexibility is tolerated; all is rigid; this is the Stiff World.

Here the characters are as fixed and typed as they were in the crudest old melodramas. They are seen in black and white. It is sheer goodness defying appalling wickedness. It is Truth versus The Lie. This is, of course, the world of propaganda. And most of this propaganda is curiously rigid, pedantic and unreal, for in it are opposed a communism that the East hasn't got and a capitalism that the West hasn't got, as if we were all staking our lives on a debate on a ouija board between Adam Smith and Karl Marx. It is only if we go into the Loose World that we can begin to discover what West and East really have got.

But then of course the chief product of Stiff World propaganda is fear. And some curious things have happened. In the old world, from which the Stiffs inherited their power complex, armaments had to be increased to meet a new danger. But in the Stiff World this has been reversed. Because, once we were in the atomic age, the new armaments were so terrible, so monstrous, that the danger, the menace, had to be hugely magnified to match them. Clearly if we had such things, then we *must* be in a desperate situation. And now indeed we are, though we weren't when all this nonsense began. What was unthinkable has now become thinkable—that is, if you call it thinking to suggest that a nation halved by nuclear casualties can still function as a nation, and begin organizing itself for World War IV. It would, in fact, consist of a lot of radioactive lunatics, not ready to organize anything except the immediate lynching of any World War III experts they could find.

To show what propaganda can do, I take an example from behind the iron curtain, as the Stiffs like to call it. We were recently in Soviet Armenia and Georgia, where my wife, an archaeologist, was visiting digs and sites and ruins, and I was tagging along, trying to capture some of the mountain scenery in *gouaches*. Our guide and interpreter was an extremely intelligent, youngish anthropologist, who knew several oriental languages as well as sufficient English to interpret for us. He was in nearly everything a Loose World man, but as soon as disarmament came up as a topic, the shadow of the Stiff World fell on him. He said if the Soviet Union took a unilateral disarmament risk—"Tomorrow, American paratroopers would be in our streets." This is what propaganda can do to a nice, quiet, intelligent scholar, quite sure his own people had no intention of attempting world conquest, suddenly turning up with machine guns in Dallas or Cleveland, Ohio.

Sometimes I read those stories of international espionage and counterespionage that exist entirely in a Stiff World atmosphere. They are often the work of men who know something about Intelligence, spy-catching and whatever else makes for what is called "security." And nearly always, reading these stories,

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I feel I am being given a glimpse and a whiff of hell. It is not only the inhumanity, the ruthlessness, the cruelty, that make me feel this; it is also their suggestion of an appalling underlying idiocy. The harder you look at the Stiff World, the more you realize that behind its solemnity, its unceasing activity, its dark secrets, its daily waste of millions, there is nothing but a bad mental legacy and a few false assumptions. If it kills us, as it easily might, we shall not have died for freedom, for our country, for our children's sake, only for silliness—tragic figures in a planetary farce.

Now I believe that the Stiff World, which is organized for conflict and war and not for understanding, mutual help and peace, has no future to offer us and our children. It is bound for nowhere except catastrophe. It has been given a good run, together with more money than all the tyrants in world history have demanded, and all it can offer for tomorrow is a lot more of what we dislike today. This is why all intelligent young people—and, I repeat, *in all countries*—want no part of it, are already rejecting it by the millions, are turning hopefully towards the other, the Loose World. And with them, I believe, are nine-tenths of the most gifted persons on earth, the real public benefactors. So now I will venture a suggestion on their behalf.

It is this. The Stiff World, which has been laying it on, thick and hard and fast, for years, should now consent to lay off for a year or so, just to give the Loose World and the future a chance. If only as an experiment, it should instruct its huge mischief-making departments to stop plotting and planning. It should give its spies and counterspies a sabbatical. It should arrange for its pet maniacs to take a twelve-month narcotic treatment. It should lend some—let us say, a fifth—of the money it wastes annually to the Loose World, to help finance better coexistence and more cooperation, the start of real global civilization. But even if it refuses to lend anybody or anything a cent, it can benefit us all just by laying off for a spell, by trying not to whisper for six months in order to shout and scream for the next two crisis weeks, by behaving for a year as if it was not important and did not do what it had been doing.

Anyhow, it has been working too hard; let it give itself a holiday. For even with such a brief respite, the Loose World, the real world, the only one with a future, might begin to take over. It seems to me worth trying.

Prince on a Tightrope . . . . . F. Yorick Blumenfeld

Phnom Penh, Cambodia

The recent flirtations of Prince Norodom Sihanouk, Cambodia's Chief of State, with various members of the Socialist bloc, and his increasingly frequent signs of irritation with Washington have led the experts to ask whether Cambodia may not be changing its neutral course.

Sihanouk, who alone formulates Cambodian foreign policy, disclosed on October 2 that he had asked the Soviet Union for MIG fighter planes because the United States had failed to provide his country with adequate means of defense. To date the Russians have responded with an offer of only two torpedo boats. Cambodia indicated that, if favorable terms could be obtained from Moscow, it would end the monopoly which the United States has enjoyed since 1955 over the supply and armament of the *Forces Armée Royale Khmer*.

In September, Sihanouk had shocked the world by announcing that he would call in Chinese and Russian troops to defend Cambodia's territorial integrity should it be violated by the neighboring Thai or Vietnamese armies. This declaration was intended more as a threat to Washington, whose seeming reluctance to bolster Cambodia's ill-equipped Army distressed Sihanouk, than as an open invitation to the two major Communist powers. (As a strong Nationalist who has a large and economically powerful Chinese minority to watch over, Sihanouk is not anxious to have Communist Chinese stationed in his country.)

Several factors must be considered if Sihanouk's actions of the past few months are to be understood. First in importance, perhaps, is the fact that the Prince believes that the United States has failed to appreciate the seriousness of the threat that Thailand and Vietnam present to his country. Thai and Vietnamese designs against Cambodia go back to ancient history and, with over hundreds of kilometers of unmarked frontier, the tensions caused by continued border incidents remain high. The accidental bombing of two villages in Ratanakiri early in November by the South Vietnamese Air Force (made possible by the delivery of American planes and American bombs) caused much ill feeling in Cambodia. A number of Cambodians told me they feared the Pentagon migh be inciting the South Vietnamese to provoke Cambodia to abandon its policy of neutrality.

The United States has placed itself in the difficult position of supporting the Thai (SEATO) on one side and Diem's South Vietnam regime on the other which, according to Sihanouk, leaves Cambodia in the middle to fend for herself. In a recent interview, Sihanouk contrasted Thailand's Army of over 250,000 men and South Vietnam's 180,000 with his country's minuscule force of 29,000 men, the weakest in all of Southeast Asia. He commented on this by saying: "My words are the only force which is keeping the Thai troops out of Cambodia." However, the arrival of Nils Gussing, the personal representative of Secretary General U Thant, early in November, may ease the existing tensions between Thailand and Cambodia.

A second factor which is leading Sihanouk to re-examine his position is his belief that communism is

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winning in the Indo-Chinese peninsula. He feels that the Communists have gained control in the so-called neutralist regime of Laos and that it is just a matter of time before they win the struggle in South Vietnam.

Despite all hostile accusations to the contrary by Bangkok and Saigon, Sihanouk has few illusions about communism. He has said that his monarchy would not last a day were the Communists to take over. In the course of an interview, he talked about "brutal communization." He takes partial credit for the fact that Cambodia is one of the least "Communist-infected" countries in Asia. His police force has persistently been tough on the few Red cells that exist in the country and even the Minister of Cults (Religion) told me that he keeps a careful watch to see that the Buddhist clergy is not infiltrated.

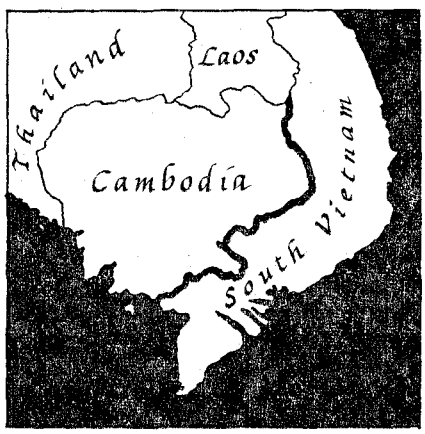
Sihanouk recognizes the increasing pressure that Peking exerts in Southeast Asia. The lesson of Red China's military victory over Indian forces has not been lost here. Sihanouk is acutely sensitive to the danger communism presents to his country. The question he faces is: "What to do?"

Sihanouk has tried to placate the Chinese Communists by making a model of Sino-Cambodian relations and challenging Peking to live up to this image. By championing the admission of Red China to the United Nations, by including pro-Peking leftists in his entourage, and by sending some of his children to school in Peking, Sihanouk hopes to keep Communist China at bay. He talks warmly about "China's determination to defend the small nations victim to imperialism," and conveniently forgets the massacre of fellow Buddhists in Tibet.

Sihanouk's strategy has paid off in terms of Chinese friendship and aid. Over the past four years, the Communist regime has granted Cambodia the gifts of a large textile mill, a plywood factory, a paper mill, a cement plant and a 220-kilometer railroad between Phnom Penh and the new port of Sihanoukville. However, the Prince recognizes that his policy would not continue to be successful if Cambodia had a common border with a Communist state. Nor would this strategy prove effective if he were not around to dictate it. Sihanouk says with sincerity and concern: "If I were to die or be killed, I fear that Cambodia might cease to exist as a country."

It is with this background, then, that Sihanouk's "flirtations" with China and Russia must be viewed. Sihanouk admits that he would rather his country were a satellite like Bulgaria or Albania than no country at all. From Cambodia's point of view, what the Prince fears most is a unified Vietnam under Ho Chi-minh. What he fears next is unification under Diem. And what is best, as far as Cambodia is concerned, "is a divided Vietnam too busy fighting its own war to attack Cambodia."

For all these reasons, Sihanouk has desperately been seeking for "guarantees" to insure his country's



frontiers. Last August, his call for an international conference which would stabilize Cambodia's borders and assure its neutrality was wholeheartedly endorsed by the Communists, who felt that they had little to lose by a paper agreement. (It seems highly unlikely, in the event of a future attack by North Vietnamese guerrillas, that Russia or Red China would actively defend Cambodia's neutrality or integrity against their Communist ally, Ho Chi-minh.)

The United States and England reacted to Sihanouk's proposal with caution. Washington was reluctant to be party to a guarantee which might easily involve the United States in a war over Cambodia. The United States gave no such guarantee to insure the neutrality of Laos. President Kennedy appeared to be reluctant even to sit down at a conference table over the issue, probably because such a conference would, of necessity, include Red China. Nor did Kennedy want to give Sihanouk the opportunity of maneuvering Washington into a position which would alienate America's firmly committed allies. Instead, in a flattering and effusive letter to Sihanouk dated Sept. 1, the President assured him that "The United States respects the neutrality, territorial integrity and independence of Cambodia." Carefully avoiding the word "guarantee," Kennedy added that he would be glad to write an official letter in which the United States would formally declare its position in support of Cambodia's neutrality.

Kennedy asked Sihanouk to specify what sort of international controls might bring about greater stability to Cambodia's border areas, although the Prince had already proposed several alternative measures, including the stationing of UN observers at various check points or the establishment of a new control commission to be composed of English and Russians, or any other workable combination, which would report on border violations of any kind.

Washington is not opposed to a really neutral Cambodia. The Dulles axiom that neutrality is immoral is no longer a part of American policy. Indeed, the recent "neutralization" of Laos signaled the fact that the United States is now willing to accept "neutrality" as an efficacious method of getting out of an embarrassing position. In the case of Cambodia, a rigorously controlled border would prevent the passage of either Pathet Lao or Viet Cong guerrillas through the country's extremely porous northeastern frontier.

Sihanouk hopes that, given the more liberal view prevalent in the Kennedy Administration, the extension of neutrality to the entire Indo-Chinese peninsula may yet become a reality. The Prince regards such a neutral belt as the only way to bring peace to Southeast Asia; he believes that even Thailand would become neutral if its Dictator-Premier saw the possibility of doing so without being overthrown. But few Americans share this optimism. Washington doubts that such a neutral belt could long withstand increasing Communist pressure from the Chinese.

Prince Sihanouk would like Cam-

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bodia to be a neutral nation like Switzerland, attached to no bloc, but in case of attack, appealing to anyone available for help. He has assiduously opposed the formation of a "bloc" of neutral nations and seems exasperated by the inability of Occidentals to differentiate between neutrality and neutralism.

The Cambodian National Congress passed a Sihanouk-directed resolution in January, 1958, which stated that "Cambodia abstains from all military or ideological alliances with foreign countries" and "will undertake no aggression against any foreign country. . . . In case where it will be attacked, it reserves the right to defend itself by its own forces, to appeal to the United Nations, or to appeal to a friendly foreign power." Presumably this is the pattern he thinks would work for other neutrals in the area.

It is, perhaps, the "appeal to a friendly foreign power" which reveals the basic weakness of Sihanouk's position. In the end, as India has learned, should a neutral nation be threatened by Communist aggression, it has no recourse but to abandon its neutrality and ask for aid from the West. I asked Sihanouk why he had asked for Chinese and Russian troops instead of neutral Indian and Indonesian forces to protect Cambodia's territorial integrity. Sihanouk replied with great impatience and irritation that the neutrality of both these countries prevent them from coming to the aid of another party, especially if that party were a small country like Cambodia.

Cambodia, isolated in Southeast Asia, may occasionally appear as if it were steering off course in an attempt to find the middle road. In India's border dispute with China, Sihanouk has definitely shown that his sympathy lies with the Communists. Part of Phnom Penh's difficulty with New Delhi undoubtedly stems from the fact that Sihanouk is no longer willing to act as the young diciple of the "great teacher," Nehru, and that India has lately failed to support Sihanouk's views.

In perspective, Sihanouk is maneuvering to steady his unmarked and hotly disputed jungle frontiers. The only way he knows how to achieve this is to play one bloc-antagonism off against the other. All indications to the contrary, an internationally protected neutrality is the only course towards which he is steering. If he fails to achieve his goal, the only remaining course open to him may be to lean to that side which can offer his country the most protection.

If he is ultimately successful, however, in providing Cambodia with "guarantees," the Prince may well set the pattern for a new trend to be adopted by the small and underdeveloped nations of Asia—all eager to stay clear of the complicated and expensive involvement of the big-power struggle.

A Salesman Will Call . . . . . Ralph Lee Smith

One day back in 1922 the town of Green River, Wyoming (population 3,000) got fed up. Its City Council passed an ordinance making it a nuisance, punishable as a misdemeanor, for a person to "go in and upon a private residence" for the purpose of selling merchandise unless the occupant has invited or requested the salesman to come. In other words, the ordinance assured the privacy of the home against unsolicited door-to-door selling.

Since then, similar laws have been adopted by many other communities throughout the country. But the problem they were designed to solve has unfortunately become more serious, rather than less, with the passage of time. The commercial assault on the privacy of the home, via the doorbell, has greatly intensified, and to it has been added a growing assault by telephone.

Some "direct sales" firms add trickery to effrontery. Prominent in this category have been certain major encyclopedia firms. As far back as 1947, for example, the Federal Trade Commission ordered a Grolier, Inc., subsidiary, the American Corporation, publishers of the *Encyclopedia Americana*, and its representatives to stop stating falsely to customers that they were "specially selected" to receive price reductions that were termed "fictitious" by the commission. Nevertheless, certain representatives of the firm, finding the pickings too good to resist, continued the practice during the easygoing 1950s. In an action rare in FTC annals and especially rare in connection with a major national firm, the commission had to go into federal court to secure compliance with its order. In November, 1960, the Americana Corporation was found guilty of violating the FTC edict and was fined $16,000. This was small change for Grolier, Inc., parent company of Americana and publishers of the *Book of Knowledge*. Partially through the use of dubious high-pressure methods, the firm's sales had risen from $20 million in 1950 to more than $70 million in 1960.

Grolier is one of four publishers who together account for 90 per cent of all encyclopedia sales. Three of them have received the attention of the FTC because of the practices of their door-to-door salesmen. In September, 1961, the FTC ordered Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc., to stop using fictitious price lists to make buyers think that the regular price of its various combination offers was a special price or a bargain. The commission has charged in a complaint that Crowell-Collier Publishing Company and its representatives have been falsely telling people that *Collier's Encyclopedia* is given "free" to the customer who buys the annual yearbooks put out by the company. The price of the annual yearbook, says the FTC, is actually the regular price of the encyclopedia and yearbook combined. Crowell-Collier has denied the commission's allegations, and proceedings are pending before the commission.

The fourth member of the quadrumvirate, World Book Encyclope-

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Ralph Lee Smith, a former editor for the National Better Business Bureau, is the author of The Health Hucksters *(Crowell, 1960) and of the forthcoming* The Bargain Hucksters *(Crowell, 1963).*

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dia, offered the first volume of its *World Wide Encyclopedia* free and the balance of the set for $11.70. The Boston Better Business Bureau stated that if you mail the coupon for the first volume, a salesman arrives on your doorstep and strenuously tries to "switch" you to the more expensive *World Scope Encyclopedia* at $99.50. The Boston bureau comments:

> *The procedure used would indicate that the offer of a free volume of* World Wide *which, according to the advertising, you would expect to receive by mail, is a "gimmick" enabling a salesman to call at your home to attempt the sale of a more complete and more expensive set,* World Scope, *at $99.50.*

World Book Encyclopedia is another big winner in the doorbell-ringing sweepstakes: sales rose from $18 million in 1950 to $96 million in 1960.

Certain purveyors of vitamin and mineral food supplements have been doing well for themselves on America's front doorsteps. The 1958 sales volume for Nutrilite, a food supplement sold by door-to-door representatives, was $20 million. A month's supply costs $19.50, and thousands of families have been persuaded to buy, despite the fact that the American Medical Association describes most non-prescription vitamin purchases in the United States as medically unnecessary and worthless. In 1951, the Food and Drug Administration charged that labeling for Nutrilite was false and misleading. The firm, without admitting the charges, entered into a consent decree in federal court enjoining it from making large numbers of medical and therapeutic claims.

However, salesmen for Mytinger and Cassleberry, distributors of Nutrilite, now began to tell people that the federal court order actually represented a Food and Drug Administration (FDA) endorsement of Nutrilite. This claim, persistently and widely used, was a big sales stimulator, but it brought the firm to the attention of another federal agency. In October, 1960, the FTC ordered Mytinger and Cassleberry to cease making deceptive interpretations of the federal court order. In the meanwhile, the FDA haled several Nutrilite salesmen into court for making false medical claims in their sales spiels; they were convicted and fined.

Recently the attack on the front door has been augmented by a flourishing boom in telephone selling. Certain dance studios have found this technique especially rewarding. Dubious "contests" (which nearly anyone can win) and offers of tremendous "reductions" in the cost of a series of dance lessons, are among the standard devices used in this telephone assault on the home.

Franchised Arthur Murray dance studios throughout the country have been heavy users of contests to lure students, who are then subjected to a hard-sell effort to get them to sign contracts for a series of lessons costing many thousands of dollars. The contracts are financed by a Murray-created organization, Educational Credit Bureau, which moves swiftly to collect if students balk or change their minds. The Consumer Frauds Bureau of the New York State Attorney General's Office, checking into the Murray operation after receiving a number of complaints, found that Educational Credit Bureau had sued over a hundred students within six months.

In July, 1960, the Federal Trade Commission entered into a consent order with the firm, forbidding the use of such promotional schemes as telephone "quizzes" and various "contests" in which the "lucky winners"—meaning nearly everybody—purportedly receive a gift certificate for a given number of dance lessons. The contests are not bona fide, says the FTC, but are merely used to obtain the names of persons to whom the firm tries to sell dancing lessons.

Other heavy users of the telephone technique are the high-pressure mutual-fund salesmen,

many of whom are part-time pitchmen who know little about securities and less about the economics of personal investments. [See "Wall Street: a Walk on the Wild Side," by Gerald Krefetz, April 7, 1962—Ed.] Last spring the Securities and Exchange Commission conducted a week's hearings on mutual funds. The commissioners were told of salesmen recruited by the hundreds through newspaper want ads and then, after ten hours of training, offering themselves as "financial doctors" to prospective clients. The training in many instances focused on tested techniques for overcoming sales resistance on the telephone. Prospective salesmen were given sets of replies for each of the most frequent types of refusals that they might encounter.

In some fields, salesmen operate with equal ease either over the phone or on the front doorstep. This is true, for example, in the field of home improvement and home repair, currently the number one source of complaints from the public to Better Business Bureaus throughout the country. One frustrated housewife told her woes in a letter which Abbey van Buren published in her "Dear Abbey" column. Someone who signed herself "Irene" had previously written to Abbey begging for an end to telephone selling. Now another of the columnist's correspondents wrote: "Let

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me be the first to join Irene's campaign against telephone solicitation. I work nights and need to get my rest during the daytime. I was awakened this afternoon by a man who told me he had heard that I was interested in buying 'siding' for my home. Abbey, I live in a basement dwelling. Now where would I put siding?" The letter was signed "Considering an Unlisted Number."

A door-to-door technique called "par selling" has been described to me by a former salesman for a construction outfit on Long Island. The boss of the firm and the salesmen get together and privately arrive at a minimum selling price for each item—a price at which both the boss and the salesmen do well. Anything above that figure that the salesman can get is split 50-50 or thereabouts between him and the boss. The salesman naturally tends to ask outrageous prices for merchandise and contracting work and can still back down a long way if the customer balks. "We rarely came down to par," the salesman told me. Par selling has been especially prevalent in the sale of combination storm windows and doors, but it also crops up frequently in other kinds of general home-improvement materials and services.

The tremendous commercial assault on the family in its home raises important questions. Those who believe that the family should be free from unsolicited selling campaigns on its doorstep should consider the possibility of seeking the enactment of "Green River" ordinances in their communities. These ordinances have been declared constitutional in some jurisdictions and invalid in others; the legal questions involved should be studied and settled. But what about unsolicited and unwanted commercial assaults by telephone? Perhaps federal legislation should provide phone subscribers with a Magna Charta of privacy which would protect them from salesmen who have found a way of getting into the American living room without coming to the front door.

NEW APPROACHES to CUBA

An Experiment in Diplomacy . . . . . Charles E. Osgood

What have we learned from the Cuban crisis and the way it was handled? I'm afraid most Americans have learned that "when Good Guys get tough, Bad Guys back down." This is what the mass media have been telling us, and it has been doing wonders for the American Ego. What works in TV Westerns seems to work in the real world.

Unfortunately, in the real world, the Bad Guys honestly believe that *they* are the Good Guys. The Russians, having prudently backed down in one crisis where their vital interests were not involved, can be expected to redouble their efforts to be prepared for the next one. No doubt they are stepping up the production of Polaris-type submarines right now. If we have learned the wrong lesson from the Cuban affair, we may march confidently into the next crisis, firmly believing that the Soviets will always back down—to find ourselves suddenly beyond the point of no return.

What happened around and about Cuba during that dangerous week in October? When it became unmistakably clear that the Soviets were developing an aggressive nuclear probe in Cuba, our Administration began to move. But we took carefully calculated and controlled steps, designed to be firm yet minimally provocative. I am sure that President Kennedy has looked nuclear holocaust in the face and knows full well what is to be seen there.

We established a naval "quarantine" around Cuba, warning that this might be only the first of a series of more aggressive steps, and demanded that the Soviets pack up their potentially offensive weapons and take them home. After making his own points—about our having "offensive" nuclear weapons in Turkey and elsewhere close to the Soviet Union, about the Cuban build-up being "defensive" as far as he was concerned, and about these weapons being under Soviet control, not Cuban—Khrushchev announced that he was a man of peace and ordered elimination of the bases. He even acceded to a plan for UN inspection—a "first" in relations between the nuclear powers. Referring to Khrushchev's "statesmanship," Kennedy promptly rewarded this Soviet decision by guaranteeing the security of Cuba against invasion—if the promised actions were taken.

The resolution of the Cuban crisis can be viewed as a demonstration of something genuinely new and hopeful in international affairs. It is possible for a powerful nation like ours literally to shape the behavior of other nations along lines leading to a more peaceful and secure world—by appropriate use of both the stick and the carrot. And this certainly applies to our relations with Cuba. We are quite capable of applying the stick—by economic strangulation or even invasion—but we also have the power to apply the carrot.

As a matter of fact, we are now in a position to try an experiment with Cuba just as exciting as any nuclear experiment over Johnston Island—and much more significant for the future of mankind. The questions put to human nature would be these: Can the mighty United States behave toward a puny Cuba in such a way as to win its support and confidence? Have we the understanding and patience to put the Cuban revolution back on the track toward democracy? Can we use Cuba as a key to unlock the door leading to a more secure world generally?

Charles E. Osgood is director of the Institute of Communications Research at the University of Illinois and author of An Alternative to War or Surrender, *just published by the University of Illinois Press.*

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The experiment would have been easier a few years ago, just after Castro had emerged as the hero of a popular revolution, but it is still feasible. Indeed, as this is written, one of the steps in the experiment—the exchange of food and medicine for the Bay of Pigs prisoners—has already been taken, and should make the other steps slightly easier.

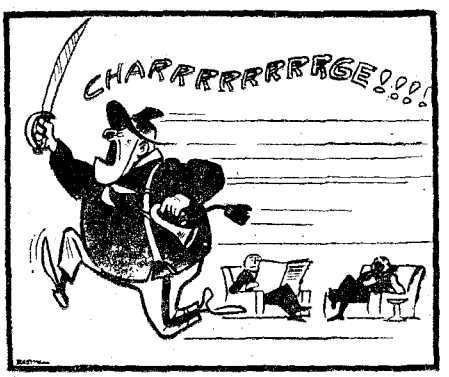
The plan envisages that we take "as given" certain realities of the present situation. The orientation of Castro's Cuba is now toward the Communist bloc. Also "given" are our past relations with this Caribbean island—first as an economic colony, then as an avowed enemy and, last, as an object of threatened invasion. Finally we must take "as given" the realities of the total world situation, in which Cuba is only a small, if significant, part. Just about every card in the deck seems to be against the success of our experiment—which makes it all the more interesting.

I now proceed to the successive stages of the experiment:

1. We announce publicly that our naval patrol of the Carribean waters, while designed to prevent the exportation of communism to other Latin American nations, will also be used to prevent the importation of counterrevolutionary forces to Cuba as well as any acts of piracy against Cuba's legitimate trade with other nations. By way of reciprocation, we request Castro to announce publicly that our naval patrol vessels will not be molested by his planes or shore batteries. This is both to our advantage and to Castro's. We do not want rash actions by anti-Castro elements like "Alpha 66" to cause an escalation of hostilities; by letting such elements take decisions out of our hands we are, in effect, surrendering part of our own sovereignty. On Castro's part, this removes a constant source of irritation.

2. Having completed the projected exchange of food and medical supplies for the Bay of Pigs prisoners, we announce that we are sending an unarmed cargo ship to Havana loaded with tractors. By this time both internal pressures (we have been making full use of radio messages beamed to Cuba in Spanish) and pressures of world opinion should be mounting. Not only Castro, but also Khrushchev and the entire world community have been observing our experiment.

3. During all this time, our government has been releasing news items—as "trial balloons"—on the possibility of relaxing our embargo on Cuban sugar importation. If Castro has begun to reciprocate in earnest, meaningful ways, we announce that, as of a certain date, we will purchase some specified number of tons of Cuban sugar. By way of reciprocation, we ask Castro to send an economic mission to Washington to negotiate mutually acceptable conditions for Cuban repayment for American industries previously nationalized, as well as to plan for trade in U. S. machine tools and other goods his nation needs and we desire to export. (It may well be that, by this time, the Soviets will have begun



S. F. Chronicle

"Say, is he a Dodger fan—or the Cuba lobby?"

competing with us for Cuba's political support by initiatives of their own in economic and cultural spheres. This is all to the good, and we should publicly invite the Soviet Union to continue cooperating with us to raise the living standards of all Latin America, not just Cuba. The more they put into this kind of competition, the less they are likely to put into armaments. If, on the other hand, the Soviets try to interrupt our program by applying aggressive pressure—in Berlin, for example—we resist this firmly while continuing our tension-reducing moves elsewhere.)

4. We announce that, as of a certain date, we will have completed the transformation of Guantanamo from a military base (which is only useful to us as a symbol in a nuclear age) into an inter-American university; we invite participation of all countries in this hemisphere in the planning and staffing of this new university. We ask Castro to reciprocate by reducing his Army and weapons to a minimum level necessary for maintaining internal order, this to be done under UN asupices. At this time we reiterate our pledge neither to invade Cuba ourselves nor permit its invasion by others.

If the steps so far taken prove successful—if tensions have been reduced, cooperative relations developed and social reforms in the direction of democracy undertaken by Castro—we will now be ready to begin moving in the wider arena.

We might, for instance, now announce that we were transforming an overseas military base near the Soviet Union (*not* in Turkey, since that has been made an issue) into an international university; we invite participation from all nations, including the Communist bloc, in this endeavor; we request the Soviet Union to reciprocate by publicly guaranteeing the security of the nation involved against Soviet aggression and by eliminating, under UN auspices, any short-range missiles threatening it. Then, perhaps, we place NATO troops in our sections of West Berlin under UN command, requesting the Soviets to do the same thing on their side and to join in declaring Berlin to be an international city under UN protection.

There are many steps in many different spheres of action that could be taken vis-à-vis the Soviets, applying continuous and cumulative pressure on them to reciprocate in earnest.

There is no certainty that this experiment would work, but there is reason for hope (if it were certain to work, we could hardly call it an experiment). There are strong forces operating on both Castro and Khrushchev to make them willing to reduce tension in their relations with the United States. I believe that if the psychological pressures could be maintained long enough for our intent to become credible, we could expect them to reciprocate—for reasons of good sense quite apart from reasons of good will.

What would be Castro's reasons? I assume that Castro's primary motive is to serve the best interest of Cuba, as he sees it, and to do this he must remain in power. He has, at best, an uneasy partnership

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with the Soviet Union and, surely, he is not so stupid as to believe that Russian support of his little nation is purely altruistic. He must realize that his long-term security lies in making adjustments with his neighbors, particularly the United States. Castro now understands that this country holds the real power in the Western hemisphere and could impose a strangulating economic blockade if it so desired. By *not* imposing such a blockade, but rather holding out the promise of cooperation, we provide Castro with every opportunity to take stock of the situation and behave accordingly.

Why might Khrushchev even encourage this experiment with Cuba? For one thing, he has already gone so far out on the limb of "appeasing capitalism," as some of his critics put it, that he stands in danger of having that limb sawed beneath him in the Kremlin. The only way he can justify himself to his own bloc is to begin getting genuine reciprocation from the United States. Otherwise he must turn on the heat again and flirt with the possibility of nuclear war with a militarily superior opponent. One thing that seems clear is that neither Khrushchev nor the Russian people want war—they lost 20 million people in the last one and they haven't forgotten. Furthermore, the Soviets are fearful of a rearmed Germany, particularly with nuclear weapons, and they can read the writing on the Great Wall of China.

What could this approach to Cuba mean for us? At the very least, it would get us off dead center and give us the initiative. If successful, it would not only serve to draw Cuba back into our sphere of influence, but it would also strengthen our ties with other Latin American states. More generally, it could be the beginning of a calculated reversal of the tensions/arms-race spiral. All nations would be learning that there is an alternative to war or surrender —an alternative that can be undertaken with dignity, humaneness and security.

But what if it didn't work? What if Castro or Khrushchev, or both, tried to take advantage of our good will? We would not have reduced our real military security one whit, and I believe that our moral position in the world would have been greatly strengthened by our sincere efforts to reduce and control world tensions.

What is holding us back? Resistance to trying such a policy lies in our emotions, in our traditions about dealing with enemies, and in our own internal political conflicts. Today, many Americans would call any unilateral step of a conciliatory nature toward Castro "appeasement" and a "sign of weakness"—even though it is surely neither weakness nor appeasement when, *on his own initiative,* a strong man holds out a helping hand to a weaker one. Furthermore, it is not in our tradition to solve conflicts between nations by literally remaking the mind of the enemy and changing his motives; we have learned to rely on weapons. And some politicians, failing to understand that the goal of long-term security is being pursued, would seize upon this as a chance to gain power for themselves or their party.

But it is high time we started asking ourselves where we are going. If we now stand superior in military and economic power, but use our power simply to threaten our opponents into increasing their own, what must be the end in a world of frail humans and nuclear weapons? At some point, for the sake of our own survival, we must begin to use our power in the interest of real security. In Cuba we have a remarkable opportunity to initiate something new in international affairs. Cuba may not be negotiable with the Soviet Union, but its future is still negotiable with the Cubans.

Freedom and the Policeman . . . . . Richard A. Myren

Much has been written about police agencies and civil liberties, but most of the writers seem to miss a fundamental point — an oversight which may be at the base of much of the difficulty that dedicated, capable men in policing are having today in charting a course for their careers and their agencies. There should be no doubt about the sincerity and integrity of the many men in federal, state and local police agencies who seem eager to push control over individual liberty to points which appear to civil libertarians to be far on the way toward totalitarianism. These men simply mistake their function—as do most of the people whom they serve and the press through whom they make their report.

Americans, apparently, have lost interest in their freedom to think, to speak and to be secure in their homes, assemblies and on the streets. Instead, their concern is for property rights and personal comfort. Both can be better secured against the depredations of the lawless element of society, in the measure that police agencies are given greater control over individuals.

The public's concern for property rights and individual comfort, then, has made protection of these elements the prime consideration of the policeman. When police and public-administration officials assert that the police function is the protection of life and property through suppression, repression, detection and prevention of crime, no one challenges them. Yet this is not the basic function of policing.

In this country and in any other democratic society, the prime function of policing should be the maintenance of the fine line which our governmental structures have drawn between social order and personal liberty—a fact that has been forgotten by the public, the press and the police. The line has been purposely drawn so as to sacrifice some human life to the predatory elements of our day. Just as a calculated number of human

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lives are sacrificed per mile of superhighway built in order to enhance the freedom of movement of those of us who survive, so a calculated number of crimes against property and person are permitted to go unsolved to insure minimal freedom of all from interference by the state. As the servants of the people, police officers have been given certain tools to use in maintaining law and order; other, more efficient, tools have been denied them purposely. The structure which they erect against crime must be judged on the basis of the tools with which they work, but the public and press judge by performance only. As a result, police ingenuity turns to the surreptitious acquisition, and clandestine use, of tools denied to them by statute and by constitutional provision. As years go by without challenge, this practice becomes open and notorious, and eventually the police must seek to legalize what they have been doing.

This is the situation as it exists today. Persons are held without arrest—on suspicion, on open charges, for investigation—with no attempt by police to conceal their acts, either because they simply don't realize they are breaking the law or because they are convinced of public approval. A federal prosecuting attorney with years of experience deplores the fact that he must tell the police agency that brings cases to him for prosecution that it must get evidence before making an arrest, that it cannot rely on self-incrimination to make its cases. Thousands of arrests on "suspicion" are reported in the Uniform Crime Reports every year even though arrests are illegal except for a specific charge based upon probable cause.

But wait—that last statement is false. So callous have we become about these practices that statutes are now beginning to appear that purport to legalize arrest *without* probable cause. One such statute allows policemen to pick up juveniles and hold them for an indefinite period for questioning. Another and similar law permits police to pick up alleged drunks, hold them in jail until they are sober, and then turn them loose *with no court ever considering the cases.* Still another purports to legalize the old surreptitious practice of lazy judges who sign warrants in blank and turn them over to police officers to be filled in as they see fit. These are only a few examples of efficient tools for law enforcement which were used illegally for so long that demands to legalize their use were finally granted—granted because we, the people, have forgotten that some sacrifice of life and property is worth while to preserve our basic freedoms.

We the people have forgotten that freedom is worth a few dollars, a few broken bones, even a few lives. Because we have forgotten, we have put pressure on our police agencies to solve more crimes, to protect life and property to a degree that the legal tools that we have traditionally given them will not allow. We have done this individually and through associated efforts, both on a personal basis and through the press. For the most part, this pressure has had its effect in a loss of individual liberty that is not condemned, but praised. The argument that it is only the liberty of "criminals" that is lost overlooks the fact that, under our system, no man is a criminal until he has been convicted under due process of law. We have reached the point where some thoughtful police administrators are themselves warning us that they are being asked to wield too much power.

Where can the trend be expected to stop? Realistically, can we look to harassed police officials to refuse to accept the legal tools which make it possible for them better to respond to public pressures?

Law is only one technique for social control. It cannot do the whole job. The criminal law is only one part of the legal structure. It certainly cannot be expected to create and preserve perfect social order. Administration of the criminal law must always be handicapped by consideration for individual liberty. We cannot expect too much from police agencies. Just as some families lose sons in war for the democratic ideals which we all enjoy, so some fall victims to crimes that cannot be solved because these same democratic ideals will not allow the necessary infringements on individual freedom. Our only hope is for us to begin telling our policemen that we have placed limits on their powers knowingly, that we realize that their record against crime cannot be perfect, and that we will judge their performance by the freedom which men show in their actions in a given community—freedom to live without fear of illicit police action as well as freedom from fear of destruction of property and personal injury by criminal action.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

opens a promising opportunity. By the Communist bloc's own admission, it is operating under persistent economic strain [see "The Two Policies of Mr. Khrushchev," by Alexander Werth, Dec. 15 issue]. These strains mean that Comecon countries could use a great deal of *nonmilitary* help from the non-Communist world. They need continued, and increased, access to Western markets.

Comecon exports to EEC rose about 25 per cent the past two years. But speedy reduction of Common Market internal tariffs and erection of a common external tariff threaten to price Comecon products out of the market. One way to relieve the pinch would be to increase Soviet-American trade. To date, Mr. Khrushchev has made no hints in this direction. He likely feels Soviet-American relations are such as to discourage it.

Yet Western observers in Communist countries report solid evidence that their people yearn less for world conquest than for better living standards. Why not use this longing as leverage to win political concessions from Khrushchev, such as removal of Soviet pressure in Berlin, in return for increased East-West trade that would benefit both sides? *Wilfrid Laurier Husband*

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Mark Twain's 'Distorted' Views

MARK TWAIN: LETTERS FROM THE EARTH. Edited by Bernard De Voto. Harper and Row. 303 pp. $5.95.
MARK TWAIN: THE DEVELOPMENT OF A WRITER. By Henry Nash Smith. Harvard University Press. 188 pp. $4.75.

Odell Shepard

A startling thing it is that now, more than half a century after Mark Twain's death, we fall heirs to a large body of his writings hitherto unprinted. Brought together and edited by the late Bernard De Voto in 1939, the contents of *Letters from the Earth* had been left for the most part unpublished because Clara Clemens (Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch) felt that in some places they give a "distorted view" of her father's ideas. She recently withdrew her objection and the present volume has been seen through the press by Mr. Henry Nash Smith, literary editor of the Mark Twain Manuscripts. He has retained the valuable notes left by De Voto and has added a preface of his own.

Would Mark himself have permitted the publication of these papers, mostly written in his old age, as they now stand? Extremely diverse in theme, mood and value, they contain passages of gratuitous indecency which could never have got past his mentor, William Dean Howells, to say nothing of the dead wife and daughters who still lived in his heart and conscience. And yet in leafing them through he would have found other passages written in seasons of power when some dark angel snatched the pen and set down, ah, such magnificent blasphemies, sneering sarcasms and home truths told at last about "whatever brute or blackguard made the world!" Would it not be really wicked of him, like a miser clutching his hoard, to hold back such a splendor of wickedness? And surely he had a right, after long years of hypocritical good behavior, to speak his own piece at last in his own tones of voice. Oh, to come down on these milk-livered millions like a storm-wind out of the West, letting them know that, instead of a clown hired to tickle the ears of the groundlings, he was a man of demonic indignations, fit to hold up his head in hell along with old Juvenal, Swift, Voltaire and King Satan himself!

Yes. Oh, yes indeed! (Grand rant, that!) But then, on the other hand, he was old now, broken-hearted and tired. Preparing these things for the press would be hard work, of which he had done his stint. And why bother his hoary head any more about what was thought of him by a world full of incorrigible fools? Nearly all the people whose good opinion he cared for were dead.

And so this pathetic and tragic book reaches us uncensored, uncombed and unfinished. It comes in good time — that is, in a bad one. We are better prepared for its frequent violence and bitterness because we have seen some part of what Mark Twain, our archetypal man, foresaw.

One would like to think that *The Mysterious Stranger*, posthumously published in 1916, was the last thing Mark Twain wrote. For not only is it artistically superior to anything in the present miscellany, but it reaches a firm conclusion which, bleak though it is, may have been his final resort from the torment of self-accusation. "There is no God," he there wrote, "and no universe, no human race, no earthly life, no heaven, no hell. It is all a dream — a grotesque and foolish dream. Nothing exists but you. And you are but a thought, a vagrant thought, a useless thought, a homeless thought, wandering forever among the empty eternities."

Those words are attributed to Satan's nephew, but in *Letters from the Earth* — a title appropriate only to the first fifty-five pages of the book — we hear from the Archangel Satan himself, now doing time on a fleck of matter far off in space because he has been making sarcastic remarks about the Creation. In the eleven letters he sends back to friends in heaven he passes from sarcasm to contempt and then to fierce denunciation of the Almighty Tyrant. At the height of his rage he quotes in full the really horrible twenty-sixth chapter of the Book of Numbers, where Jehovah tells Moses what to do with the Midianites, and then sets beside it the Beatitudes from the Sermon on the Mount. Of the latter he says: "The mouth that ut-

Odell Shepard edited Thoreau's Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers *and* The Heart of Thoreau's Journals. *His life of Bronson Alcott,* Pedlar's Progress, *won a Pulitzer Prize.*

A Dream

(From the Italian of Vittorio Sereni)

I was just crossing the bridge
over a river which might have been the Magra
where I go summers, or even the Tresa
where I come from, between Germignaga and Luino.
My way was blocked by a faceless man, a clouded form.
"Your papers" he ordered. "What papers" I said.
"Hand them over" he clinched the matter
seeing me hold off. I tried to get round him:
"I've got prospects, a town that expects me,
things to remember, some friends still living,
the dead decently buried."
"Tall tales" he sneered, "without a program
nobody passes," and weighed in his palm
the few sheets which were my only assets.
I tried again. "I'll pay you
on my way back if you'll let me go now,
let me keep working." There was no
understanding each other: "Have you"—
he snarled—"taken your stand on ideas?"
So we grappled and clung at the bridge rail
in lone silence.
It's a fight to the finish.
I can't say
who'll end in the river.

Sonia Raiziss

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tered these immense sarcasms, these giant hypocrisies, is the very same that ordered the wholesale massacre of the Midianitish men and babies and cattle, and the wholesale banishment of the virgins into a filthy and unspeakable slavery."

One sees that Satan can quote Scripture with lethal effect. Moreover, he is not ignorant of Christian theology as exemplified, say, in the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion. The second of these asserts that the Son, who spoke the sermon, is "of one substance with the Father" who hated the Midianites. The sixth declares that the Book of Numbers belongs in God's Word. The seventh alleges that the Old Testament is not contrary to the New.

Clearly, he has a strong case; but during his long exile on earth he has caught an earthly disease called "The Moral Sense." This enfeebles him greatly. He finds that he has a heart. He mourns for the slaughtered Midianites and their wives and babies. He imagines the fate of those 32,000 virgins in minute anatomical detail. Thus, little by little, he dwindles down into something scarcely distinguishable from a human being. Only his wrath at the celestial tyrant remains archangelic.

Not all of this book is gloomy. There are charmingly playful passages about Adam and Eve in their innocence that come from Mark Twain in his blithest mood. He takes the most poisonous myth in the world — the "Fall of Man" — and transforms it into a fable of human courage. Yet of such things there are not enough to offset the terrifying effect of the final story, called "The Great Dark."

On August 10, 1898, Mark Twain wrote: "Last night dreamed of a whaling cruise in a drop of water. . . . This would mean a reduction of the participants to a minuteness which would make them nearly invisible to God and he wouldn't be interested in them any longer." That dream, perhaps somehow related to Voltaire's astonishing *Micromegas*, provided him with the persistent image of a great ship, fitted out with all the "modern improvements" but with no chart, no compass, wallowing no-whither for year after year in complete darkness. There is mutiny on board, and madness. The ship is attacked by monsters of the deep. The dream becomes reality, and the real world fades into a dimly remembered dream.

This tale is not well told. Twain's enormous prodigality of invention puts too great a strain upon his slight skill as a literary builder. Moreover, the story comes to no conclusion, no definite meaning. And yet these defects do not weaken, they may even enhance, the effect of the story upon a sensitive reader. He may come to feel that he too is on the cruise, and has with him for company nothing less than "humanity with all its fears, with all its hopes of future years."

Between the celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County and this bleak vision, what a vast distance! Close students of American literature have before them just now no task more difficult and fascinating than that of tracing Mark Twain's way from one to the other. Much brilliant and thorough work has been done on this job in recent years, but there has been no study so patient, so minutely discerning, so quietly persuasive as *Mark Twain: The Development of a Writer* by Henry Nash Smith. He is not the first to recognize that Mark Twain was primarily a writer, and should be studied as such. Mark himself was not quite sure of that, probably because he was vaguely aware of the profound influence upon his writing of his experience as a lecturer. Mr. Smith says little about that, and he does not sufficiently emphasize the fact that while at work on a manuscript Twain was constantly listening for the sound of his own voice. In other respects, however, this book is remarkable for the depth of its penetration into the working of a great and noble mind.

Better Than A B C?

THE SHAW ALPHABET EDITION OF ANDROCLES AND THE LION. Penguin Books. 151 pp. 95¢ paper.

Warren S. Smith

George Bernard Shaw's will stipulated that a sum be set aside for the creation and publication of a new alphabet. The result, exhibited in this book, is principally the work of Mr. Kingsley Read, a retired type and lettering expert now in his mid-seventies; he had the help of Mr. Peter MacCarthy of the Department of Phonetics at Leeds University, Sir James Pitman, K.B.E., M.P., and others. Mr. Reed was announced one of four winners three years ago in a contest for a new alphabet held by Great Britain's Public Trustee in compliance with the terms of the will. Later, the Read entry was selected by unnamed experts as the most likely candidate. Considerably revised and simplified, it now becomes available, as Shaw had requested, through the publication of *Androcles and the Lion* (without preface) in a line-by-line transliteration, the conventional roman type on the right, the new alphabet on the left (an arrangement that makes evident the great space economy of the new system). It is launched in a 95¢ Penguin with a loose card inserted for those who wish to carry the basic alphabet around with them. The type faces have been released to the public domain, and the magic of Shaw's name is further intended to help it find some areas of acceptance.

It will need all the help it can get. Few things are deeper imbedded into our habitual life than the familiar roman alphabet. From the first, many otherwise devoted Shavians refused to take the provision seriously, and

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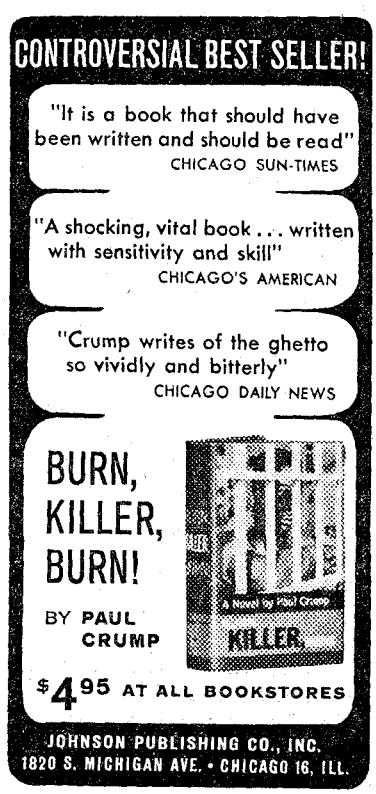
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there was little public outcry when the residuary legatees (the British Museum, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and the National Gallery of Ireland) pressed to have that portion of the will declared invalid. They were, in fact, successful, and it was only by a compromise, as the Public Trustee explains in his foreword, that a relatively small amount of the estate was paid back so that Shaw's minimal instructions could be complied with.

The venture has been greeted, so far, with a ripple of curiosity and some jokes about its looking like Swahili. It deserves something more than that. Our conventional alphabet is less than an efficient tool for modern communication. It is, to tell the truth, a mess. The capital letters often bear little relation to the lower case. Neither looks at all like written script. There is no connection between sounds and shapes. We don't have enough letters to stand for even all the common sounds, yet we maintain C, Q and X which are wholly dispensable. We continue to talk about simplified spelling, but logical spelling with our present alphabet is (if you've ever tried it) impossible!

There have been all kinds of alphabet reform schemes in the past. The German system of Felix von Kunowski in 1927 (*Sprechspur*) has had some use in teaching early reading and writing. In my files I also find "The Cadmean Alphabet" of Sinclair Eustace, a letter in "ten-vowel ngl sh" from Leo G. Davis, a pamphlet printed in "Krestomathi" in which the word "page" is spelled "peidzh," a book of "Literary Phonetic English" by Albert Eagle, "Polsn Ingglish" of Victor Perry Paulsen and the relatively sensible Ehrhardt Augmented Roman Alphabet of I. J. Pitman. The list is a mere sampling.

All of the above inventions proceed on the assumption that a radical change in the alphabet has no chance. They therefore use our old-fashioned letters, adding fins and tails to some of them, turning others upside down, and hitching several together to make a single sound. The results, though on occasion more accurate than our present lettering, are also more complicated and forbidding.

Shaw, on the other hand, spent nearly seventy years on a fruitless attempt to have the apostrophe dropped from *don't*! He felt, therefore, that only a radical change would be possible. Perhaps an alphabet that *really* made sense would, in time—in generations—replace the roman, as the arabic numerals have all but replaced the roman ones.

How does the invention by Kingsley Read measure up? Better than most of us could have hoped. It is simple. The forms are easily drawn, easily recognizable. Handwritten, they closely resemble the printed type. Similar sounds are mirror-images of one another: p-b, t-d, f-v, s-z, etc. The vowels (and the almost-vowels, l, r, m, n) are "short" letters, not extending above or below the basic imaginary lines. Consonants are slightly "tall" or "deep." There is, in handwriting, a lack of easy flow, since a joining stroke could be mistaken for an additional letter. A more flowing design was probably rejected in favor of keeping the forty letters and eight additional *r*-combinations as uninvolved as possible. The alphabet has a crisp neatness and efficiency.

It is not intended as shorthand or as a tool for teaching phonetics, though it may have uses in both areas. Neither should it be thought of as a new language; it is simply a new way of writing English (in this instance with built-in British accent). How can one predict its future? In the literary heavens it is a cloud no bigger than a man's little fingernail. Still, nothing like it has ever happened before. And Sir James Pitman has offered himself as a clearing-house for the Shaw-alphabet pen-pals. So who knows?

Bird of Sadness

A small bird flies about the world;
it sings so deathly sad . . .
Whoever hears it, hears from then on nothing else;
whoever hears it, does himself deep hurt:
he never wants to see the sun again.

And every midnight, every midnight,
it rests on the fingers of Death.
He softly strokes and whispers to it:
"Fly, my little bird! Fly, my little bird!"
And again it flies, whistling, about the world.

H. Arthur Klein
translated from *Vöglein Schwermut*
by Christian Morgenstern

The Demands of Poetry

THE SEVEN HELLS OF THE JIGOKU ZOSHI. By Jerome Rothenberg. Trobar Books. 20 pp. $1.

QUANTITIES. By Richard Howard. Wesleyan University Press. 80 pp. $3.50 cloth; $1.45 paper.

SILENCE IN THE SNOWY FIELDS. By Robert Bly. Wesleyan University Press. 60 pp. $3.50 cloth; $1.45 paper.

THE GAZABOS: Forty-One Poems. By Edwin Honig. Clarke & Way. 57 pp. $3.

D. J. Hughes

The demands we make on poetry (if we make them), and the demands that poetry makes on us (if we allow them), differ from day to day, from need to need, from poet to poet, and if Stevens is right in asserting that poetry helps us live our lives, the values of poetry must be as manifold as possible and as rich as the needs we can summon. The temptation to ask everything (or nothing) of poetry is particularly acute now when perhaps some poetry, the very best, with all its desperate reach and formal excellence, and that poetry which is desperate reach alone begin to look as though they demand the same attention.

It's by some such standard as this that I must read Jerome Rothenberg's pamphlet, *The Seven Hells of the Jigoku Zoshi*, seven poems patterned on Japanese scroll paintings that depict Dantesque levels of hell. Mr. Rothenberg does not have much of an ear, and I detect no interesting appreciation of form or sufficiently tender concern for language — in fact this whole brief collection might be completely dismissed if it were always as naked as it sometimes gets:

Let's bury their lousy hammers
my people are tired of pain

D. J. Hughes, is a poet and member of the English faculty, Brown University.

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The world's been crucified
long enough

But in the best of these, Hells Six and Seven, Mr. Rothenberg skillfully juxtaposes his image of modern pain with images suggested by the scrolls, and in the latter poem, a Bomb-poem ready made, "The Seventh Hell: Of Smoke Where Fire-Raisers Try in Vain to Escape from a Shower of Hot Sand Falling from a Cloud," he makes a powerful statement. The compassion of these poems is genuine, and we can never have enough of that. But unless we must give our screaming attention to everything, this poetry must be passed over. I feel that Mr. Rothenberg could work these grim statements into hard structures if he would, but I have the depressing feeling that he'd rather not.

Richard Howard's first book, *Quantities*, stands at the other pole—where the chance for poetic success is greater and where he can also be shot up by critical marksmen. This is aggressively quantitative verse in the current Period Style insofar as it stems from Auden in all his phases and insofar as low-pressure poetry aligns the poet with the singers at the Meridian rather than with the screechers in the Grove. Mr. Howard's poems keep hiding, and often it doesn't seem worth the trouble to hunt. The best poems, I think, are those in which a firm narrative or descriptive situation is carried through, such as "In the Dark," "Rumors of Real Estate," "Return from Montauk"; and the worst those on Period Subjects, such as "Jubilary Ode on the Hundreth Anniversary of the Birth of Marlene Dietrich" and "Lyrics from Gaiety: a Farce." In between, there are many poems that muse on objects of weather and weal in a kind of sour neo-classic manner not to my taste. This is a highly latinate poetry, and often, as in the concluding stanza of a poem I like, "L'Invitation au Voyage," Mr. Howard makes the archer choice:

The river sighed in its bed
And although a few

Gulls were loud in their abuse
You did not once look up. When
To their obloquy
No protest was made, I chose
To learn what I've always known:
We shall never go.

Obloquy is the word we might expect here but would rather not have. There is a taut intelligence in this volume, but probably not a poetic one.

Robert Bly's first collection, *Silence in the Snowy Fields*, impresses because of its purity of tone and precision of diction. It is not until we begin to feel that Mr. Bly could do more, when the monotonous simplicity of many of the poems starts to pall and takes on a programmatic character (after all, he edits a polemical magazine, *The Sixties*), that we become dissatisfied. This artful diction is heavily indebted to early Stevens (*Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird, Six Significant Landscapes, The Snow Man*), but we miss the cunning backdrop that the simpler poems of *Harmonium* surely have, and frequently Mr. Bly solves the problem of continuity by over-sectioning his poems, letting the reader hurdle the numerals in the hope that he's dragging the poet along. Bly's characteristic development is to begin a poem with a simple narrative or descriptive *donnée* and then proceed, through modulations more or less subtle, to an overwhelmed, even apocalyptic end. So many of the last lines demonstrate this: "And the ditches along the road half full of a private snow," "And the sea gives up its answer as it falls into itself," "I want to go down and rest in the black earth of silence," "And soon to be swallowed/Suddenly from beneath." The threat is genuine here, but too often it seems like an imitation of itself. Perhaps the most successful development of this kind can be seen in the concluding poem, "Snowfall in the Afternoon":

I

The grass is half-covered with
snow.
It was the sort of snowfall that
starts in late afternoon,
And now the little houses of the
grass are growing dark.

II

If I reached my hands down, near
the earth,
I could take handfuls of darkness!
A darkness was always there, which
we never noticed.

III

As the snow grows heavier, the
cornstalks fade farther away,
And the barn moves nearer to the
house.
The barn moves all alone in the
growing storm.

IV

The barn is full of corn, and
moving toward us now,
Like a hulk blown toward us in a
storm at sea;
All the sailors on deck have been
blind for many years.

The poem moves forward, weighty and gathering, and the last line wounds. Still, if the movement throughout this book is downward to darkness, the wings are as yet insufficiently extended; we wait for longer flights.

Edwin Honig's second book, *The Gazabos*, manifests the required desperate reach, together with precise mastery of the medium. The hesitations and compromises of form and

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meaning that mark Rothenberg, Howard and some of Bly are absent here as the struggle into clarity from "the slime, the sea, the fish, the green" emerges at last from a dark inchoateness into the accepting gesture of the title poem, the last in the book, where the poet, recalling the "gazabos" of his youth, the tough drugstore cowboys who chased him home, "a dancing, a gallumphing, a guzzling/of themselves" turns back to them, as to his necessity:

Why is it now,
safe in my lacquered room, cradled
in my black, spoon-shaped easy
chair, the whitest sheet
of paper on

my knees, I cannot
write a word? I read their eyes,
I taste their wounds. Do they live
because they simply
cannot die?

Friends, multi-
tudes, oh lifelong shadows: are
you my filth, my worn out longings
my poems that dog me
till I die?

This is powerful in itself and overwhelming as the outcome of the personal symbolic poems that have come before like "Sleepers," "Odyssey," "When My Sorrow Came Home," "Pray Eros," "Coralles 1948." A movement to a mastering reconciliation is certainly the major pulse of the book.

But not all the poems in *The Gazabos* lead directly here or share in this motion. As befits a marked poetic maturity, *The Gazabos* is a varied collection. Mr. Honig does not repeat himself, and the variety of forms and the exploration of many moods without ever losing that mysterious signature and blessed quiddity we call *voice* testifies to the presence of a major talent. Yet many of the poems with a strong narrative or descriptive base, "Outer Drive," "Island Storm," "Speech, Near Hope in Providence," etc., perform for the reader the same rituals of encounter and defense that the more personal poems performed for the poet. The threat that "if met/wholeheartedly would snap black lids/on everyone" is held in abeyance by a black wit and tough language. Occasionally, I think the description is too abstract or special, and the wit comes clear only after a lengthy analysis of the joke, but even the poems that do not struggle into light stir us with shadowy meanings.

Recognizing this, we can see how two more "public" poems, first-rate in their deep-breathing, "A Beauty That Rages," a character sketch of an old Italian immigrant in rock-ribbed Maine, and "Walt Whitman," the best tribute I've read to that poet, point to fresh paths. The last lines of the Whitman poem show Honig at his most expansive:

Nakedly, at last,
He flailed his own paralysis with
mud & flesh brush. A man,
All men himself alone, a rugged
blue-eyed testament,
His looks in Brady's lens are calm
with after-rages.
"The real war will never get in the
books." Below
The ragged line he signed his
chummy name.

These poems, together with the impressive verse drama "The Widow," that closes the volume, indicate the possibilities of new triumphs and fresh struggles. The real war does get into this book; we need poetry like this when we need the most serious things.

LETTER from WARSAW . . . Maria Kuncewicz

To an arrival from the more or less settled parts of the world, Warsaw at first sight is a maddening, incongruous city. You land at the airport and discover that the terminal is a neat little bungalow; but you soon learn that the State Opera House, now being rebuilt, will be the largest and most modern in Europe. You drive in a shabby taxi and marvel at the streets lined with freshly reconstructed baroque palaces and churches; you turn a corner and are in the middle of a wasteland, with war ruins exhibiting their wounds. Grief-stricken, you let your eyes wander up the lacerated walls, and grief changes to amazement: in a high-perched window you see snow-white draperies and a box of geraniums.

In Warsaw I have witnessed scenes of Victorian sweetness and Christian magnanimity projected on lurid backgrounds. This may be the rule the world over: angels disporting themselves in the human crowd; yet it seems to me that history has worked on Warsaw with a sharper chisel, producing more salient features and deeper shadows than elsewhere.

Here, there is always danger in the air; not only may a political ukase knock you out, but also the stone wing of a shattered muse who survives at the edge of a roof. Here, bohemianism, less hysterical than in Greenwich Village, less cynical than on the Paris Left Bank, is more convincing, since it involves people who do not pretend to be eccentrics; nor have they chosen to be eccentric; history made them poor and proud, and so they are eccentric by birth. And frivolous, too. The ironic blend of poverty and a dogged attachment to luxury is, perhaps, Warsaw's greatest charm. Indeed, I have seen more flower booths in Warsaw than *pissoirs* in Paris, and in a working-class district, called the Wild West, I observed a crowd enjoying a show of Van Gogh reproductions.

On weekends, poorly dressed men and women stroll with proprietory airs across the marble and gilt halls of the Lazienki royal summer residence; they discuss new additions to the graffiti on the walls in the Old Town; they examine the bricks of the Gothic vestiges springing to life again. Provincial buses full of school children arrive non-stop on the squares, and in the parks country bumpkins make friends with the statues of national heroes and mythological beasts.

It was vacation time when I stopped in Warsaw, and most theatres were closed. I managed, however, to see two plays: Brecht's *Career of Arturo Ui* and an old Polish mystery play.

To reach the Narodowsy theatre, I had to cross a square which in my memory figured as a well-furnished place. Now it struck me as unnaturally empty. The Saxon palace? There was no palace. The busy streets? The façades? No streets and no façades. The arcade? A few broken columns still stood, and under the one remaining vault the flame in memory of the unknown soldier still flickered as of old. As I continued on my way, I looked rather on the sidewalk under my feet than at the vast solitude around me: this sidewalk was a record; I could read in its cracks and stains the story of tanks crushing bodies and grenades exploding.

Maria Kuncewicz is the author of several novels and is the editor recently of The Modern Polish Mind (*Little, Brown*). *Her new novel,* The Olive Grove, *will be published by Walker & Co. Mme. Kuncewicz is visiting professor at the University of Chicago.*

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I arrived late at the theatre. The usher showed me to a back seat, and suddenly echoes became reality: German shouts were sputtering from the stage; naturally enough, since the comedy was presented by the Berliner Ensemble. The play, written by Brecht in America in 1941, is set, partly, in Chicago's Cicero, the nest of Al Capone, during the depression. It is an allegory on the criminal character of Hitler's career. In his diary Brecht wrote: "The great political criminals must be ridiculed." That may be true, but it was not easy for me to see the funny side of *Arturo Ui* in Warsaw even as late as 1962. My feelings were obviously shared; people sat stunned. Stunned, or fascinated? Horrible memories seem to exert a morbid fascination over those who survived the horror. Otherwise, why should a first-rate Polish cast also have undertaken to play *Arturo Ui* at the experimental Wspolczesny Theatre? But there, Brecht's Givola displayed almost none of the Goebbels mannerisms stressed by the Berliners, Emanuel Giri appeared as a plain clown, not as Goering, and Arturo did not sport Hitler's mustache and dank curl—such was the Polish actors' abhorrence of the gang.

The Glorious Resurrection of the Lord is a mystery play known in Poland since the fifteenth century. The modern producer, as was the custom in the old times, added characteristic intermedia; these are amusing evocations of bygone mores and speech drawn from ancient texts. Apparently, Catholic hierarchy, apprehensive of the humorous effect on modern sophisticated audiences, at first discouraged the show. But the ban was soon lifted in answer to a public demand, and I saw several priests obviously relishing the play as much as the doubting Thomases. The production is superb in its exquisite simplicity. The boys' choir sang its hallelujahs with purity and gusto, the three Marys, three Gothic statues come alive, moved like a group of hieratic dancers, the simple-hearted peasant Christ worked so hard at His job of redemption, while the scampering comic figures introduced the earthiness of ancient Poland.

What about literature? To begin with, almost every twentieth shop in the Warsaw main streets is a book shop. Places where you can read and borrow books are as numerous in Poland as are — say — delicatessens in America. With the exception of a few houses, mostly Catholic Church outposts, the publishing business is a state monopoly, and it is booming. People have little money to spend, and so a book is the favorite present, and the cheapest entertainment. Another reason is the "social promotion" of rural populations moving to new industrial centers; free education at all levels makes possible a public festival of reading.

As illustrated by the two plays I saw, Poles still respond strongly to war memories and to the national tradition. The nineteenth-century novelist Kraszewski and his famous successor, Sienkiewicz, remain kings of the market. Tired, uncertain of the future, the average Polish reader dislikes being drawn into the analysis of a present he finds unattractive. Neither does he favor the politically orthodox social realistic trend, whose name belies its function.

The intellectual elite, on the other hand, takes a lively interest in the *avant-garde*, and prods young writers to indulge their egotistic moods. Catastrophism, Angry Young Men style, as well as all sorts of escapism—into futuristic fancy, the grotesque and the subconscious—thrive in literary chapels. Satirists and humorists of the sardonic and the pure-nonsense kind are particularly effective. Philosophical, artistic and economic controversies enliven the countless periodicals. The Catholic press, numerically insignificant but widely influential, strives to fight atheism by rational means, treating Christianity as a way of life rather than national custom.

Perhaps I can best round up these kaleidoscopic impressions by describing a short novel by Roman Bratny, which I read on my flight back from Paris to New York. The title is *Brulion*, which means "Rough Copy." Writing in the first person, the novelist tells two stories: one authentic, the other fictitious, but both on the subject of the author's effort to trace his war-time comrade of the Polish Underground, with whom he had parted in Paris. After a brief stay abroad, the writer had decided in 1945 to go back to Poland, whatever the regime, while his friend chose to try joining the French Foreign Legion. Several

Poem

(for Mel Abbet)

Those who were half-drunk
saw it.
Those who were half-saved
saw it.
Those who were half-black
saw it.
Those who were half-analyzed
saw it.
Those who were half-drafted
saw it.
Those who were half-graduated
saw it.
Those who were half-seduced
saw it.
Those who were half-espressoed
saw it.
Those who were half-poets
saw it.
Those who were half-unknown
saw it.

But those who were all there
missed it.

George Kauffman

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years ago — reports the author — he himself had been a member of a UN commission whose task was to investigate the treatment by the French authorities of Vietnamese political prisoners. Consequently, the hypothetical version of the story is laid in Vietnam, and its hero personifies the kind of person Bratny suspects his friend must have developed into under the pressure of an experience diametrically opposed to his own: a Fascist spy.

Parallel to the imaginary sequence, runs the record of the novelist's nostalgic wanderings through Paris in search of authentic memories capable of restoring the old friendship, and also of some hints as to the actual whereabouts of the friend. In time he learns the truth from a Polish girl with whom he becomes involved: the friend had never reached the Foreign Legion; instead, he had made a fortune as an art dealer in Marseilles. The novel ends with the author refusing to meet his one-time friend in the flesh.

I was left with the feeling that fate had drawn a sign of equation between two failures to realize a youthful dream of courage. The difficulties these two fighters for Polish independence were prepared to face when they were twenty proved too much — or too little? — for their strength. They will never meet again, because each thinks of the other as a deserter.

This mood of frustration which dominates in Poland's new writing would be depressing, if it were not belied by frequent bursts of laughter as the unbeatable Polish vitality makes fun of its own drama.

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THEATRE

Robert Shelton

A Christmas gift for Philharmonic Hall audiences was provided the week ending December 30 by the return of *Black Nativity*. The gospel song-play by Langston Hughes, after critical and popular success on the Continent, won a standing ovation at its Lincoln Center opening.

Black Nativity has taken the volcanic energy of Negro gospel music and channeled it skillfully toward theatrical ends. It has already introduced new audiences to gospel music in Spoleto, London and seven other European centers. It will return to the Continent for six months and tour the United States for forty weeks. There is even some talk of taking it to Russia and Eastern Europe.

All this *réclame* has centered on a show that is the essence of simplicity. A narrator, three dancers, three featured singers, two vocal quartets and an off-stage pianist and organist make up the cast. The first act, "The Child Is Born," recounts the travail of Mary and Joseph and the birth of Jesus. The second act, "The Word Is Spread," is little more than a gospel concert, albeit a most exciting concert. Mr. Hughes's narration, read by Gilbert Adkins, ties the old thread of the Christmas legend together loosely, while Christyne Lawson and Kenneth Scott dance and mime the roles of Mary and Joseph. On this simple scaffolding of narration and dance is hung the flesh of the show — singing by Marion Williams, Alex Bradford and Princess Stewart and of the two groups, the Stars of Faith and the Bradford Singers.

Therein lies the key to the show's impact, novelty and popular appeal. The singing is gospel joy at its freest. Vibrant rhythms, wild hand-clapping that soon involves the audience, tambourine-playing and surging vocal athletics make the musical elements of the show almost irresistible.

Modern gospel music began to assume its present form after World War I. It is a startlingly successful marriage of the tempos, cadences and improvisations of jazz, the blues and even rock 'n' roll with lyrics that are either Biblical or rudimentary homiletic words of religious praise.

Heretofore, gospel music had to be experienced in a church situation to savor the tremendous emotional impact it conveyed. Many a congregation has been moved to near-hysteria by the timing, repetitions and shouting abandon of the gospel singers. Efforts to transplant this sensuous and compelling style to concert halls and to such settings as last fall's three-day Gospel Festival at Randall's Island have often failed.

Mindful of this, the producers of *Black Nativity*, Barbara Griner and Michael R. Santangelo, and its director, Vinnette Carroll, have staged this gospel production with attention to pacing, movement, variety and continuity.

At first glance, the childlike naïveté of *Black Nativity* could bring to mind *Green Pastures*. The flowing robes of the singers might seem to those who are vigilant about stereotypes to be damaging to the dignity of Negroes. But in actuality the show does truly reflect a church atmosphere, a form of worship in song that is widespread among the Negro communities of the North and the South. Appreciation of a folk art or folk culture presupposes a sympathetic attitude on the part of the viewer from a more sophisticated background. In this context, *Black Nativity* is not promulgating stereotypes.

But the show is just a beginning. It will continue to overwhelm audiences with the abandon of gospel singing, but the next logical step is to use gospel music to tell of other aspects of Negro life in America—the integration struggles and the whole role of protest in music that has dominated Negro religious and musical life for 150 years. Having successfully used the vibrant qualities of gospel song to tell the most familiar of religious stories in a theatrical situation, Langston Hughes and the others involved with *Black Nativity* could easily find a fitting sequel in the story of the rebirth of the Negro people in the South today. With gospel music setting the tempo, the world would listen.

Robert Shelton is on the news staff of The New York Times. *He reviews folk music regularly for that paper.*

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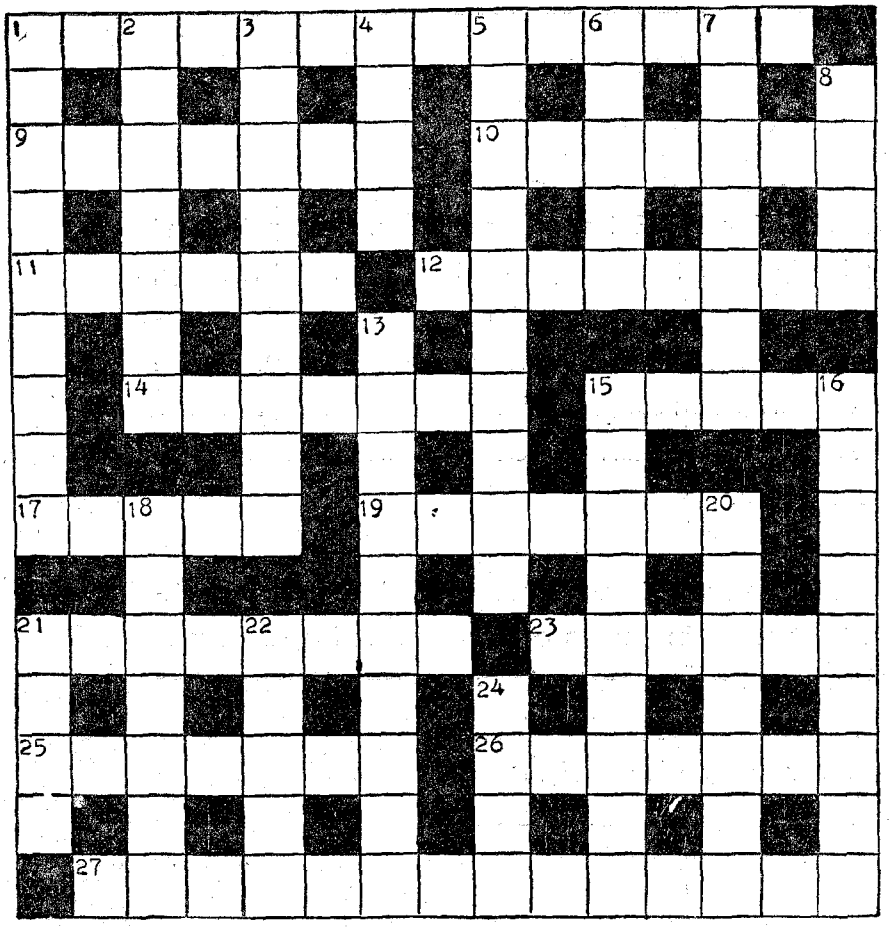
Crossword Puzzle No. 992

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Does he sound like an assistant? (8, 6)
9 Certainly not the Ponderosa country—things must be harder in the city. (7)
10 and 2 down Evidently speech is forgotten—but such a comment might bring things back to you. (7, 7)
11 They might keep the guilty party in suspense. (6)
12 If disturbed, awakens around the half-century mark on the stage. (4, 4)
14 and 21 across Certainly not descriptive of 26's famous animal. (4, 3, 3, 5)
15 Belonging to the Irish at first? (5)
17 Scattered, and yet thus tied together. (5)
19 Is the wind in the opposite direction if one does so? (7)
21 See 14 across
23 One doesn't take notice with such an escapade, but one gets away with it. (6)
25 Hard candy, obviously. (7)
26 Was this humorist representative of Virginia or Maryland? (7)
27 How to prepare waiters for those who might request a formal appearance? (7, 7)

DOWN:

1 For knowledge of spiritual things, get what the doctor might make. (9)
2 See 10 across
3 Would such as Robinhood's men in the bushes be equivalent to something that might bring the 4 down to a halt? (9)
4 Dire straits? (4)
5 I would make the source become those who might put you in your place! (10)
6 Burdened down like an old coach, by the sound of it. (5)
7 Tea-leaves, as thrown out, might prove a sort of lift. (7)
8 By the sound of it, I will shortly land. (4)
13 Is a ridiculous nose the height of it? (10)
15 Does he love the money he keeps? (9)
16 Puts a fresh crease on checks? (9)
18 More clever with the language of a poet, it might suggest. (7)
20 Cleanse such a figure, if it's out of shape. (7)
21 Might be used in writing bills. (4)
22 How Kit Marlowe made hay. (5)
24 Even a flower sometimes . . . (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 991

ACROSS: 8 Brobdingnagians; 9 Angola; 10 Licenses; 11 Afar; 13 Upset price; 15 Trooped; 16 Ashtray; 19 Yarborough; 21 Doge; 22 Firewood; 24 and 1 down Linear transformations; 26 Entente cordiale. DOWN: 2 Ebro; 3 Disabuse; 4 Ageless; 5 Lancet; 6 Mien; 7 Interchangeably; 12 Rhomb; 14 Rated; 17 Scholars; 18 Burdock; 20 Roosts; 23 Ever; 25 Nail.

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THE NATION for 1963 has a new look. The principal change is in a new body and head type — bolder, less finicky, much easier to read (the type was tested on many readers before we chose it; the response was uniformly enthusiastic). There has also been a change in the format of the inside front cover and the first editorial page — again in favor of increased readability and aesthetic appeal.

None of this means that we have succumbed to the "packaging" mystique, i.e., that anything sells as long as it is packaged right. On the contrary, our hearts and minds are fixed not on the type we use, but on what the type has to say. Content remains primary. **The Nation** for 1963 is designed for one simple purpose: to convey content to you with less strain on your eyes.— **The Editors.**

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